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WHOLE NO. 48.

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From the Millennial Harbinger.

Theological Discussion.

No. 18.—Mr. Campbell to Mr. Skinner.
BETHANY, Va., February 8th, 1838.

MR. SKINNER:

Sir—This morning yours of the 27th ult. was received; and I am thankful for the promptness with which you have this time replied. I see that you are susceptible of conviction and correction on some points at least. There is also a small improvement in your style and temper; and I flatter myself that, as there is yet considerable room for amendment, you will continue to improve.

2. Like the house of Saul, your cause waxes weaker and weaker: for certainly this is the tamest epistle you have yet written. I might ask your greatest admirers what point you have even attempted to prove in the first 15 paragraphs. You did not even lay my note on Matt. v: 22, before your readers, and show that you quoted it in its connexion. You assert, with great strength; but then we now understand your most violent assertions to occur either in the absence of the appearance of argument, or in the ratio of its weakness.

3. Your explanation of your former objections to antithesis, and your late acquiescence in the doctrine, is a proof of what may be achieved by taking a favorite sectarian text or two, and showing how the doctrine in question affects them. I was not disappointed in the means which I employed to constrain the concession.

4. But now that you admit my doctrine of antithesis, you attempt a new project. You seek to make the everlasting life to which the everlasting punishment is opposed in the antithesis, a temporal life.—And thus you make the Savior, in effect, say—"These shall go away into temporal life, and these shall go away into temporal punishment." This is too gross, I should think, for the major part of even your brother Universalists. I am willing, how-

ever, to let the public judge how much the truth has gained by my bringing you over to the doctrine of antithesis, through the bribe of your three Universalian texts, by which I commended it to your favorable regard. In due time these texts will be shown to have no friendly aspect to the doctrine you espouse. "To enter into life," and "to be cast into hell," in antithesis, you now, in substance, gloss as follows—"to enter into life" is to believe and be justified—"to be cast into hell" is to disbelieve and be condemned to the siege of Jerusalem!!

5. The word *kolasis* punishment, you think precludes the idea of *endless*, because of a certain acceptance of it. This is about as sagacious as the allegation that the word *liquid* can not apply to fire, because it is sometimes applied to air and water!

6. The assumption that all punishments are for the reformation of the subjects of them, is unsupported and unsupportable. If they were so designed, certainly they have most generally failed; else the records of human kind in the Bible, and out of it, are not to be relied on. The sequel may show this.

7. Your 9th paragraph asserts a very great mistake. I have not said that *oon* is the only root of *aioon*. I have said that *oon* is the root of eternity. Read my letter X. and my last again. Nay, in my last I say *aioon* "in both its parts, *aei* and *oon*, *always* and *being*, signifies endless duration!" Why do you not fairly quote my words?

8. The conclusion of your 14 paragraph, after such a flourish in the beginning of it, is really amusing. You say I give no proof that *oioonios* means endless when applied to punishment. If I had, of course you would have abandoned Universalism! But it would be impossible to prove that to you; for although it *sometimes* signifies endless when applied to God, to heaven, to future bliss—it never can signify endless when applied to punishment, for, with you, all punishments end in reformation; and if they do not, they are unjust, cruel, useless, etc.—and therefore we have done with all such arguments, yourself being judge. In this

remark you only corroborate the grand concession already made, and you need not now attempt to deny it or explain it away. Permit me, however, to parody your parody, and to show how much wind is in it.

9. You admit that hills are everlasting—that Israel's possession of Canaan was everlasting—that the covenant of circumcision was everlasting—that Aaron's priesthood was everlasting—that the land of Idumea was to lie waste to everlasting—that deeds of land are everlasting—and that heaven and happiness are to be everlasting; yet you maintain that the first six everlastings are limited and the latter unlimited and endless though all are expressed in Hebrew, Greek, and English in the same words! Why this inconsistency? Say, Mr. Skinner, why?

10. I find that my predictions are already beginning to be fulfilled. You are for again getting into the mountains of philology. But, Sir, since you have said that I could offer 59 to 1 in favor of my philology against yours, (for that is certainly your meaning,) you would hold on to your theory because of your *ten weighty arguments* drawn from your theology, I shall not labor this ground over and over again. Your philology on your third proposition must indeed be examined, and then I will proceed to your philosophy and theology, for I see these are strewed profusely through your letter before me, which is a singular compound of these heterogeneous substances. In the following strictures on your third proposition you will see how kindly I dispose of the chicanery of your 17th paragraph.

11. This new proposition is a logical rarity; for why in the name of reason, open a discussion of six or sixty words, that yourself affirms are never applied to punishment; and I affirm are never applied to happiness; and one of them excepted, that others never but by *implication* import duration. No Greek writers, sacred or profane, ever used any of these words (*aeidios* excepted) to denote duration, simple duration at all. But we shall allege a few facts concerning them.

12. Of these words *akatautos* is first on the list. It is rendered in Greek Lexi-

cons generally *indissoluble*, as its etymology imports. Wm. Tyndale translated it once *endless*, and was followed by other translators. It was never applied to God, heaven, hell—to happiness or misery—or to any *state*. It is found but once in the New Testament. It can only be literally applied to something compound, as life; but yet it is not found applied to the life of Christians on earth or heaven by any inspired writer. What a splendid display of critical ingenuity in producing this as a word which might have been used by the Holy Spirit, if he had intended to give us a definite and unpervertible view of future punishment—a word which in its literal import can not possibly apply to happiness or misery!!

13. *Aphtharsia* stands second on the list of words which necessarily and immutably signifies *endless* or *everlasting*. This word is found once in Rom. ii: 7; four times in 1 Cor. xv: 42-54; once in Eph. vi: 24; and 2 Tim. i: 10, and ii: 7; in all eight times—never translated *endless* or *everlasting* by any writer sacred or profane. *Incorruptibility* is its proper meaning, whether in doctrine, sentiment, (Eph. vi: 24.) or in body. It is never by any writer applied to God or angels, to happiness or misery, to reward or punishment, and is distinguished from *eternal life* by Paul Rom. ii: 7!!

14. *Aphthartos* stands next. It is found Rom. i: 23; 1 Cor. ix: 25; xv: 52; 1 Tim. i: 17; 1 Pet. i: 4, 23; 4, rendered by the translators of the Bible *once immortal*, and six times *incorruptible*—never applied to a state, to happiness or misery. It is applied to God, but contradistinguished from *eternal*: “Now to the King *eternal, immortal*,” *aioonios, ophthartos*.

15. *Athanasia* is the last of the first class of words that necessarily and immutably mean *endless*! It is found three times in the New Testament: 1 Cor. xv: 53, 54; 1 Timothy vi: 16, rendered *immortality*. This word is never applied, to God, angel, happiness, misery, heaven, or hell. It is never rendered *endless, everlasting*, etc.

16. To these you have added two other terms in your last letter—*operantos*, which occurs *once*, 1 Tim. i: 4; literally *unlimited, endless in space*, not in time. It is never applied to God, angels, spirits, heaven, hell, happiness, misery, etc.

17. But to finish your rare collection of literary curiosities, you also introduce *aeidios* translated both *eternal* and *everlasting*, for it occurs but twice. I give you great credit for this last, you are right for once saying that this word does signify absolutely eternal or endless duration. It is applied to God, Rom. i: 29, and certainly he is absolutely eternal, without beginning and without ending. It is also applied Jude, 6th verse, to the chains in which the fallen angels are held bound, and certainly these are absolutely endless; and therefore I return you my sincere

thanks—first, for conceding that the punishment of fallen angels is absolutely endless; and as wicked men are to share with the devil and his angels in their future punishment, I can not but thank you a second time for giving up the whole controversy, and admitting that the punishment of wicked men is thus set forth by a word which absolutely and immutably signifies endless. But I must thank you still more emphatically a third time for a greater concession: for you have now settled the controversy and given up the whole matter of *aioon*, as denoting absolutely and immutably endless duration; for observe all the learned world, without a single exception, declare that whatever of duration is in the word *aeidios*, it derives it all from *aei, always*, from which all say it is formed.—Mr. Skinner’s root of *aeioon*, which heretofore in his hands signified only limited duration; with more intelligence, you now say, denotes perpetual endless duration. So endeth your proof of this third proposition.

18. This is really a greater triumph of the truth than I promised myself in this discussion. I have only one thing to hope, that you, Sir, will not appear to your readers to have fallen into a pit by accident; or to have in an oversight suffered the truth to gain a momentary triumph. Confirm, Sir, your candor now by holding up *aeidios* to be a word fairly and immutably expressive of duration without end: for it is applied to God and to the chains that confine the fallen angels under darkness to the judgment of the great day, which is called by Paul (Heb. vi: “eternal judgment.”

19. Having now, as I honestly and humbly conceive, fully and conclusively disposed of all your philology on the first, second, and third propositions, I can fearlessly leave them to the candid and impartial consideration of our readers, and will forthwith proceed to your philosophy. I have always been assured of the fact that your philosophy, or rather *priori* hypothesis on the nature and design of punishment, together with your conceptions of what is fitting and worthy of the character which you have adopted for the Supreme Being, and not philology, or the sayings of the Bible, are the real causes of your Universalism. Your critiques upon the words in dispute were got up rather for obviating the difficulties in the way of your theory, than for establishing it. Your cavils against the Mexicans arose from your passion for Texas: for had you not coveted the latter, you would never have thought of a quarrel with the former—of course, then, I design a thorough exposition of your *a priori* theory of what ought to be done with the wicked.

20. I own that you have the popular side of the question. One can hardly contend for endless punishment, how devoted soever to the truth and will of God, without appearing malevolent: nor can one scarcely contend against it, without the

appearance of superior benevolence. Of this I need not, however, inform you.—The copious and frequent denunciations of “the horrid doctrine,” “the soul-chilling, the diabolical doctrine of endless misery,” etc., etc., which appear in your epistles, are indubitable evidence that you understand the multitude and the proper game to play in propounding it in your favor.

21. You delight in expatiating upon the benevolence, and mercy, and philanthropy of God, and in showing how irreconcilable with these conceptions of yours are the withering and cruel doctrines of interminable wo. But, Sir, I go for *the truth* first, and for the *epithets* of that truth afterwards. Experience and much reflection have taught me how often we are deceived in what is most expedient and fitting the divine character; and how dangerous it is to affix epithets to persons and things whose pretensions we ought to examine. I never could rationally hope to obtain from you a candid hearing after I saw you call my views “horrible” doctrines. This state of mind is wholly incompatible with the discovery of truth.—You resemble the Captain that first commanded Paul to be whipped and afterwards asked what he had done. You denounce the doctrine and then ask for its evidence. With such a preparation of heart it is impossible that you could discover the truth. I shall not imitate you, but calmly and dispassionately examine, one by one, your ten theological arguments. And let me assure you that I should greatly rejoice if you could persuade me to think with you on this matter; for really if I could regard the ultimate holiness and happiness of all mankind as a part of the divine scheme, and every way practicable and consonant with God’s glory and the supreme bliss of the pure and virtuous portions of the universe, I would espouse it and promulge it with the fulness of joy to the utmost extent of my means.

22. You assert first that endless punishment would be useless. It can be of no supposable advantage to any being in the universe, etc. I have often said that one good philosophical argument is enough on any subject, for one good argument never can be overthrown. Now, Sir, if I thought you knew the whole universe, that you had travelled over infinite space, and lived through eternity, and knew what was good for every creature in every part of it, then indeed your assertion (for argument it is not) would be entitled to very grave consideration. But in the absence of this knowledge and experience, your dogma is of no more authority than that of the child who says burning mountains on earth, and volcanoes in the ocean, icy mountains in the polar regions, and burning deserts between the tropics, blazing stars in the heavens, meteoric stones above the clouds—lions, tigers, and hyenas among the beasts—hawks and vultures among the birds—serpents among reptile.—and vege-

table and mineral poisons among plants and metals, are all useless things, and afford "neither honor, pleasure nor profit to God, angels, or men." There is as much modesty, as much good sense, logic, philosophy, and religion in Will Five-Year Old's objection as in yours. Every thing is useless to him that does not know the use of it: And seeing there is a multitude of things called evils against which we are fighting, the utility of which we know not, is it, I ask, either modest or veracious to say that future and eternal evils are useless, because we can not explain them? Again, our inability to see or point out the use of any thing, never can be alleged philosophically either against the thing itself or its utility: for the wisest man in the world would have to say that more than half of all the ten thousand physical evils in the universe are useless, because he can not point out the use of the smallest half of them.

23. But, Sir, I have one argument on this subject, and, if it be a good one, it is enough. We commonly say that all that can be known of the *future* is learned from the past. Hence a wise man said, "The past and the present for the future." Well now what deposest past history of human and angelic existence, and what says the present? We must answer that the history of angels and men has been the history of *sin* and of punishment—not, indeed, that all intelligences have sinned; but some of all have sinned and been punished. Now his punishment is *useful* else folly is directly charged upon the moral Governor of the universe. Now as punishment has been, and still is useful, it is most philosophical to conclude that it may be always useful. For should a period arrive when punishment shall not be useful, that time will be contrary to all human history and human experience.

24. And let me add that the utility of punishment is not to be estimated by the reformation of the subject of it, for this but seldom happens. The punishment of sinners is, according to the Holy Spirit, "*set forth for an example*," to secure others from rebellion or apostacy. And, herein, perhaps, its capital utility will be found to consist. At all events we have the data of God's past and present government in proof of the utility of punishment. And in the absence of Scripture testimony and universal experience—nay, contrary to both, to affirm that a period may arrive when punishment will be of no use to any being in the universe, to say the least, exhibits a degree of boldness and reckless daring more to be reprobated than approved, more to be eschewed than admired. But the utility of future and eternal punishment may perhaps still appear more clear as we proceed to examine the other nine assertions by which you have so gallantly repudiated all the canons of criticism and the statutes of philology.

25. I had here just finished my letter, but my compositors inform me there is yet more room. I will then confirm the joy you acknowledge you received from ascertaining that I am not a *destructionist*. I will give you *one reason* for this, and with me one good reason is enough: I opine that one good argument would sink a fleet of a hundred sail frightened with hypothesis. Well, now for this one argument: I only promise that spirits are immortal. Jesus is my authority. He says *angels can not die*; and angels are spirits. If you ask me for the positive proof that angels can not die, I refer you to Luke xx: 36; "Neither can they die any more; *for they are equal unto the angels*"—immortals. Now I am prepared to state my argument: The Supreme Judge will say to wicked men, "Depart, you cursed, into everlasting fire *prepared for the devil and his angels*." Now as wicked men are to be cast into the same fire with the devil and his angels, they are of course to partake of the same punishment; and as this everlasting fire can not annihilate or utterly destroy the devil and his angels, so neither can it destroy those who are doomed to share his punishment. They are equal unto angels; therefore, neither can they die any more.

26. Because I make no greater display, I would caution you not to presume that I have not many other arguments in waiting: but I do not think that the occasion calls for more than one. And has it not occurred to you that this is rather a four-sided argument, and that one of its sides looks very hard against your speculation. For if the devil and his angels were only doomed to the valley of Hinnom or the siege of Jerusalem, their everlasting fire is quincched, and they are all either dead or again walking up and down the earth. But I know the power of your crucible: it can impersonate (give me leave to invent for you a new word) the devil, convert him into a metaphor and his angels into shadows, and thus free yourself from any difficulties in the case.

27. But yet there is another side of my argument that you can not so easily dispose of. If this impersonal devil and his angels could have been annihilated, would it not, on the principle of your "*ten weighty arguments*," have been wiser for Omnipotence to have killed him at the beginning of the campaign, and not to have suffered him to trouble our world and fill it with sin and misery, and thus to the end of the drama, to put him to the pain of eternal annihilation?

28. I shall, all things concurring fully canvass your "*ten weighty arguments*" philosophic in my next.

Controversially yours,

A. CAMPBELL.

REAL RELIGION.—A poor slave was once thus addressed by a lively gentleman; in a jocular way.—"Well uncle, I hear you have become very religious lately, and I want to know what religion you are of." "Why massa," said he, my religion is to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. What religion are you of?" "Could any one have returned a more appropriate answer?"

From the Universalist Union.

Sympathy.

There are a thousand tender associations connected with this simple word, which cling to our thoughts and are so closely entwined therein, as to give a soothing power to the most gloomy reflections. Who that has been tossed on affliction's stormy sea, has not been consoled with the assurance that true friends felt for and suffered with them? Who that has parted with friends, has not found relief in the sympathy of those who have been similarly afflicted?

How often, when heart and flesh has seemed to fail, when every outward hope seemed dissolved, and even the sun seemed to shine in gloom, has this heavenly messenger stole silently over the feelings, and stamped on the inmost recesses of the disconsolate heart this emphatic truth: "I will not *always* leave you comfortless."

How often has the feeling heart realized a blessing in complying with the divine command, "to weep with those who weep;" and what abundant cause for gratitude on the part of those who receive the kindness and attention of friends, (which, by the way, is the only evidence of their sympathy,) when in distress and suffering. Of what avail is it to the sorrowing mourner, to be assured, *in word only*, that his sorrows are deeply felt, that he is sincerely pitied in his distress, if he receives not the evidence *in deed*, to confirm this assurance.

It is a truth which experience has invariably taught us, that it is much easier to talk than to act; and if we find, as we too often do, those who profess much sympathy, who appear to feel deeply and truly, who are willing to assist us with their prayers, yet unwilling to make any sacrifice to relieve our agonized feelings, it should only serve to make us rely more firmly on that arm that can never be shortened, and depend solely for aid and consolation on that friend who will never leave nor forsake us; who wept while in the flesh over the grave of his friend, thus by example conferring the blessed privilege on frail mortals to mourn the loss of friends and feel themselves justified.

But as we daily find our fondest expectations destroyed, our dearest hopes blighted, we have this enduring consolation, that we have a friend in heaven who sympathizes in all our afflictions, and a Father there who afflicts not willingly, but has promised that our momentary trials shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. S. R. M.

Religious Insensibility.

My remedy for religious insensibility, under the blessing of heaven—it might sound strangely in the ears of some—but I boldly say that my remedy is reason. It is thought; it is reflection; it is attention; it is the exercise of reason in every legitimate way. The true method, I say, is purely and strictly rational. And I say, moreover, that it is not that Christians have used their reason so much, but so little, that they have been so deficient in real feeling.—DEWEY.

The Poetry of Death.

'For all flesh is as grass, and all the glorify of man as the flower of grass.—The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.' In this passage of scripture, the apostle Peter undoubtedly intends to announce the very obvious fact of the close resemblance between human life and the vegetable kingdom. And who that has eyes to see, does not recognize the justness of the inspired writer's comparison! The grass of the field, and the flowers of the valley look green and beautiful to-day—to-morrow the grass withereth and the flower falleth away. To-day man walks in pride and exultation; he rears his 'temples, palaces, and piles stupendous;' to-morrow the 'ruins only are tremendous,' and 'man's little life is rounded by a sleep.' Yes, man does wither away like grass, and all the glory of man like flowers of grass.

But a few centuries have passed away, and what has become of the glory of ancient Babylon? What has become of the glory of that ancient people of God, the Jews? What has become of the glorious works of Egypt, of Carthage, of Greece, of Rome? Where are their sages, their poets, their orators, their warriors, their statesmen? Where is the grave of Homer? The burial place of Cæsar? Who can point to the tomb of Cicero, or the sepulchre of Demosthenes? Socrates and Plato, Solon and Seneca, Alexander and Aristotle—philosophers, heroes, moralists of antiquity, where are ye? A voice comes from the Egyptian catacombs and crumbling pyramids; from the ivy-covered and weather-blackened ruins of Rome; from the fallen and massy temples of Greece—our glory was like the flower of grass and it has withered away. Is there not genuine, though sad, poetry in the desolations of time, and the changes and devastation of death?

To die! what is it to die? 'Tis to struggle, and groan, and writhe, and gasp, and then become unconscious of being—a senseless clod, without voluntary motion, thought or utterance. The limbs once so vigorous and active, are stiff and cold; the eyes which have so often gazed upward to the starry arch of heaven, and around upon the objects of earth, have turned back into their bony sockets, and are closed forever on all material things. The tongue is mute, the lips are shut, the features fixed, cold and inflexible as marble. The heart has forever ceased its beatings. The passions are stilled forever. Reason, judgment, fancy, act no more.—The coffin's lid is closed upon the pale countenance, and then comes 'the knell, the pall, the bier,' the dismal excavation in the earth, the rattling of the clods, the planting of the grave-stones to tell who lies beneath; the entire obliteration of the inscription as years roll on, and the decaying and final decomposition of the body.

There is a melancholy pleasure, a solemn beauty in thoughts suggested by looking in upon a slumber tenant of the tomb.—We instinctly compare, or rather contrast its present condition with what it was in life. Where now, we involuntarily exclaim, is the music of thy voice, the activity of thy frame, the eloquence of thy tongue? where is the power of thine arm, and the firmness of thy step? where are now thy plans, thy hopes, thy sorrows and thy joys? where are those passions that once raged like the tempest? where are those affections that bound thee to kindred and thy friends? where is thy hatred? where is thy wealth, thy fame, thy titles? The dismal echo answers—where!

The world, the busy, bustling world clamors without as loud, and as heedless, as when yonder senseless clay moved in the streets and jostled through the crowd. The arts of civilization, the active business of life, are still pursued within the atmosphere of the tomb, but no interest is awakened there. The smith's hammer still rings upon the anvil—and the cleaving axe resounds in the forest; the whetting of the scythe is heard in the meadow, and the husbandman's song in the fields; trade and commerce may flourish in the cities' streets or contending armies meet in deadly strife upon the very sod above the tomb—but the sleepers are not disturbed; their passions cannot be roused, or their fears excited, or their interest awakened as they were wont to be while 'the kindling of life in their bosoms remained.' Such is the poetry, the melancholy poetry of death. It presents to our thoughts the peace, the silence, the darkness, the loneliness of the tomb, in striking contrast with the turmoil, strife, activity and vexation of life. It presents in striking and solemn, yet beautiful contrast, the condition of ourselves as we are now, with the condition of ourselves as we shall be when a few more brief years shall have passed away.

Z. Q. V.

Have you got Religion.

We are seldom accustomed to hear any question more frequently propounded, than that which we have chosen as a caption to this short article. Does such a man *profess* religion? Has such a person *experienced* religion? Does such an one *love* religion? These questions meet us at every turn, and are propounded at every corner. When we have been interrogated upon these points, we have often proposed the query, what is religion? or, what do you mean by professing, experiencing, and loving religion? We have been not a little surprised, as well as amused to hear the various answers to this query. We do not recollect to have ever heard St. James' Scriptural answer given but we have heard a variety of others. We recollect, not long since, while in conversation with a friend upon this subject, he replied, when inquired of what he meant by such a person's experiencing religion, 'why, does he attend meeting—does he pray in his family—does he love the ordinances of the gospel, and does he possess a *vital* piety?'

We have often heard people in describing religion, make it to consist in a particular *sensation*, a peculiar frame to mind—a singular *feeling*, that we apprehend is as common to the Mormonite, as to the Christian—that is generated by excitement, and that, consequently, must be short lived.

St. James has said that;—'*Pure religion*, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'

This is the religion that we want—this is all the religion that we wish to see promoted.—Verily it may be, and *is* said, that this is only *morality*; that it is summed up wholly in the rules of disinterested benevolence, and purity of morals; but we must call it *religion*. We desire to cherish this only, for it is *pure* and *undefiled* before God the Father. If any person knows of a different kind, he is welcome to its use, but we must regard it as spurious.

We think it wrong to advance the idea that religion and faith are one and the same thing. A person may be strictly, a religious being—and possess the pure and unadulterated religion of God our Father, who has never heard the name of Christ; but his religion will arise from a different motive. A belief in the doctrines of christianity depends upon the force of evidences addressed to the mind, and the natural fruit of these doctrines when received, is religion. Religion is not the *cause*, but the legitimate effect of faith and hope. It is plain, therefore, to my understanding, that if we would make men better—if we would make them truly religious, we should *not* endeavor to excite their passions, so much as to convince their understandings of the truth of the *doctrines* of the Gospel; and these glorious doctrines becoming a *cause*, the effects which they produce must be good. We would, by no means, wholly neglect the passions—we would address the noble sentiments of love, hope and sympathy, but we would not appeal to the lower propensities of human nature such as anger, revenge, and tormenting fear. A man whose mind can be reached only through the medium of his passions, is not likely to become very deeply grounded and rooted in the faith of any sentiment, but will be extremely likely to become the floating object of every breeze. We would, therefore, address the evidences of our glorious faith to the understanding, because they will beget a lively hope, which hope will become a powerful motive for living truly religious lives.

And we would have mankind become religious, not so much because they will *feel* well, as because they will *do* well, and society will receive the blessed effects.

J. T. G.

To avoid censure, is much more difficult than to gain applause. The latter may be secured by one great, wise, or fortunate action; whereas to avoid censure, a man must pass his life without saying or doing one bad or foolish thing or one good thing *illegally* understood.

Divine Revelation.

Doctrines of divine revelation plainly published, we are bound to receive with all readiness of mind, how much soever they may transcend our comprehension, as we can not reasonably doubt that God, who dictated them, is incapable of dictating falsehood. But is it not equally true that we ought to admit no doctrine as a doctrine of revelation, which is repugnant to reason, and which baffles all its attempts to understand it?—*Universalist Magazine*.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

PITTSBURGH, JUNE 9, 1838.

Happiness—its Degrees.

It is a common opinion entertained by almost all professing christians, that the joys of the glorified in heaven will not be *equal*.—While it is maintained that our happiness in the future state will be *complete*, it is affirmed that a *difference* may exist with regard to *capacity* for the enjoyment of those blessings which shall be conferred upon the whole, or a portion of the intelligent offspring of our heavenly Father.

The regular gradation in the susceptible faculties for happiness, is frequently illustrated by comparing it to vessels of various dimensions, which, when filled, do not contain an *equal* quantity, yet, being *full*, can hold no more.

This view of happiness, in the spiritual world, seems to have originated in the mistaken notion, that it is *analogous* to the present. One might naturally suppose, that the mind of a Newton, a Lock, or a Franklin was susceptible of more enjoyment than those possessing only ordinary minds. Among men there exists a great diversity of native intellect—and consequently, corresponding varieties of susceptibility for enjoyment. However, it is a matter of some doubt, whether great men *do*, in *reality*, when their happiness is brought to an averaged standard, enjoy more than those who are not distinguished for superior intellectual endowments. Hence, there may be more truth in the declaration of a wise man of old, than many are willing to acknowledge: "For, in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."—Without giving *wisdom* or *ignorance* the pre-eminence, as it respects the joy or sorrow they yield the possessor, we will examine the principle of analogical reasoning, upon which the idea of degrees in the bliss of heaven, seems chiefly to rest for its support:

1. If we admit the position, that the *future* resembles the *present* state of being, it would involve the paradoxical conclusion, that *degrees in misery* will also be the portion of the sanctified in paradise. Surely, for such is the inevitable and universal destiny of human nature, before it has thrown off the cumbrous shackles of mortality.

2. Even in the principal text which is relied upon with confident assurance, as teaching the sentiment of degrees in the felicity of the saints, (reasoning upon this subject by the resemblance which one thing bears to another) is clearly exploded. I allude to I. Cor.—xv: 41. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star *differeth* from another star in glory; so, also, is the resurrection of the dead." In this language, there is evidently no allusion whatever to *individual happiness*, but

the *two states*—the state before and the state subsequent to the resurrection. At verse 40, the apostle declares: "There are *celestial bodies* and *bodies terrestrial*; but the glory of the celestial is *one* and the glory of the terrestrial is *another*." This brings to view two very important considerations:

1. That the apostle, at verse 41, made no allusion to degrees of individual happiness, but the state before and after the resurrection. The bodies terrestrial represent the present state, celestial bodies the future and heavenly.

2. It lays the axe at the root of the analogical tree; else the language would be—the glory of the celestial and the terrestrial are *one*.—The 'sun' may represent the glories the immortal state, the glory of the moon the present. As the moon literally receives its light from the sun, so must the happiness of the christian in the present corruptible state, borrow its lustre from his *hopes* of immortality and eternal life, or that *faith* which "is the substance of things hoped for." But, if the present state resembles the future, then, indeed, would one star resemble another star in *glory*.

Admit, for a moment, that, as death leaves us so a future state will find and leave our capacity for happiness, and we exclude all infants and idiots from a participation in the bliss of heaven. The 'vessels' representing these characters, would belike "broken, leaky cisterns," which can hold no water. Should it be contended, that God will enlarge their measure, why not suppose he may raise all to an *equal standard* in glory—introduce them into a *full* conception of all that finite beings can know, power to behold, at a glance, those "hidden mysteries," after which the soul so ardently aspires, while clothed with the garb of mortal existence. If our heavenly Parent is *impartial* in his love, will he not bestow *equally* and indiscriminately, the blessings of the eternal world upon all his children? I cannot, I dare not think he will do less.

M. A. C.

The Springfield, O. Rhymer.

We have been made acquainted with an affair of recent date, which took place at Springfield, Ohio which is of a disgraceful character, and especially, when we consider the characters engaged in it.—The circumstances were as follows: The Universalists were wishing to organise a singing choir to practice upon certain pieces of music to be sung at the dedication of their church. Accordingly a notice was put in the Springfield Pioneer, (a political paper of that place, edited by T. Harrison, who, by the way, we understand is a Methodist preacher) inviting the musicians of that vicinity to join with them. Upon this, the Rev. M. Paine, the Episcopal clergyman of that town, wrote one of the most vile and wicked caricatures that can be imagined, and sent it to the editor of the Pioneer, requesting its publication. He calls it a hymn, and thinks it applicable to the opening of the church. The editor refused to publish it in his paper, but at the request of his Methodist friends published it in a hand bill and caused it to be circulated throughout the village to

all, save to the Universalists, for whose special benefit it was written.

We chose not to disgrace our columns with the hymn, as the Rev. Rhymer calls it, but we feel it our duty to hold up to public scorn the conduct of this Rev. Mr. PAINE, and also the editor of the Pioneer, and we may add, all those who were engaged in its publication or circulation. Is it possible, that Mr. Paine and the Methodist of Springfield have no stronger arguments against Universalism than low, vulgar ridicule? Is such despicable conduct the natural effect of their faith? Is this a manifestation of the spirit of Christ? Do they think Universalists will be led to admire the excellency of their doctrine by such displays of politeness? We do hope for the honor of Springfield, that the Episcopalian congregation of that place will not sanction the mean conduct of their pastor, and we have too high an opinion of that church in general, to believe they will. We are confident that the community in general, of all sects, will hold such conduct in utter abhorrence. Mr. Rhymer and the Methodist editor, are welcome to all the honor and happiness resulting from this out pouring of their christian charity.

D.

The Opposition.

The following extract of a letter from an esteemed young brother in Medina county, Ohio, shows plainly that Universalism is prevailing in that section, and that its prevalence causes much alarm to our opposers. Bro. Stephen Hull ministers to the friends in Sharon a part of his time, and as we learn, with good success. The believers there are not numerous, but they are substantial and zealous, as their neat little church and regular meetings on every Sunday, whether they have a preacher or not, fully testifies. Their course is the right one, and the only one which can result in permanent good to any society. We should not be much surprised if several young men of that place, should yet devote themselves to the ministry—at all events, we hope it will be so. But to the extract.

"The Presbyterian clergyman in this place has for some weeks past been giving his congregation lectures upon the heresy of Universalism—the danger of embracing its doctrines—its tendency, &c., &c., and if those who have heard him can be believed, a more weak and purile attempt was never made to overthrow any system of faith on earth. Fearing the result of a candid and honorable investigation, he takes this method of instilling into the minds of his hearers a prejudice against the doctrine; and by misrepresenting Universalists and their sentiments he hopes to perpetuate those feelings, and thus prevent them from examining the subject for themselves.—You probably heard when in Sharon that Mr. Johnson had been invited to hold a debate with Mr. Whitney. He submitted the question to his society, who being fully convinced that "discretion is the better part of valor," advised him to decline; giving it as their opinion that "such discussions are not generally productive of much good."

Very respectfully yours,

C. S. A.

DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—A CANAL PACKET.

After interchanging a few preliminary thoughts, I was addressed by a Lady, (presbyterian) as follows:

Lady. You believe that all men will be saved.

Universalist. Yes, madam.

L. What use then is there for preaching?

U. That mankind may believe the gospel, and be happy here, in obeying its divine injunctions. Pray what is the use of preaching if your doctrine be true?

L. To save mankind.

U. What, the elect?

L. No; but those who are out of the ark of safety.

U. To save the reprobates? Surely it is worse than useless to preach for those whose destinies are already fixed, and sealed irrevocably.

L. Well, I can see no benefits to result from preaching, if what you believe is true—we shall all get to heaven any how.

U. Not *any how*, madam—there is but *one way* by which man can obtain salvation—there is *no other* name given whereby we can be saved, except through Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

L. But we must first experience a change.

U. Admitted; but where is this change effected?

L. Here. There is no repentance beyond the grave.

U. Give us a "thus saith the Lord."

L. "There is no knowledge nor device nor wisdom in the grave."

U. No knowledge! Then no misery—but this is *in* the grave; let us see what is *beyond* it. It is written, that at the resurrection *all shall be changed.*"

L. That means the Christians, for to those the Apostle was writing.

U. Verily, and those only at Corinth, for he was writing to the brethren of that place. So, also, Paul means that none will be saved excepting himself and Timothy, when he *addresses* the latter, and says "God will have all men to be saved." Yet such is your logic. But did you not tell us that the Christians, were changed "*here.*"

L. Universalism is a scheme of the Devil, which I fear will involve you, and all your deluded followers into endless perdition.

U. But *you* would save us all had you the power.

L. Certainly. It is my sincere prayer to God that you may yet embrace the truth as it is in Jesus.

U. Then you virtually say that God is not as good as yourself, for he has the power and yet you contend will not save his creatures. If God had your *goodness*, or you his *power*, all would be well.

At this moment a stranger, who had listened

attentively to the conversation, manifested a desire to interfere. I had observed the cloud gathering on his brow, while the fire flashed in his eye, which was deemed a sure precursor that an explosion (not of Universalism) was at hand. He addresses me:

Sir, as it regards *my* desire, for the salvation of the wicked, to be brief I must tell you, that those who remain impenitent and die so, *are* and of right ought to be endlessly miserable. It will be for God's glory, the glory of the saints, and for my glory, to which I can cheerfully say amen!!

I rejoined—you Sir, are the first *consistent* limitarian I ever saw. You can preach damnation, pray damnation, and say *amen* to damnation all with the same breath. Truly, friend, you have been fully baptised into the spirit of *partialism*, and — (exit stranger) one word more my dear sir—may God bless you.—Farewell!!!

The Village Preacher.

BY C. MINER, ESQ.

"Father, forgive them."

Go, proud infidel—search the ponderous tome of heathen learning; explore the works of Confucius, examine the precepts of Seneca and the writings of Socrates. Collect all the excellencies of the ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Savior. Reviled and insulted, suffering the grossest indignities, crowned with thorns and led away to die—no annihilating curse breaks from his breast. Sweet and placid as the *aspirings* of a mother for her nursing, ascends a prayer for mercy on his enemies, 'Father, forgive them.' O, it was worthy of its origin, and stamped with the bright seal of truth that his mission was from heaven.

Ye acquaintances, have you ever quarrelled? Friends, have you differed? If He who is pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well to cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative; you shall forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven.

Husbands and wives, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes make you petulant, and disappointment ruffle the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heat that warms us along the way of life—ungoverned they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions, and conciliating conduct. Cultivate with care, the kind and gentle affections of the heart. Plant not, but eradicate the thorn that grows in your partner's path. Above all, let no feelings of revenge find harbor in your breast, let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be in a trifling concern, has a power superior to

the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul.

Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as hostile to religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice, and studious of revenge walk through the fields when clad with verdure or adorned with flowers; to his eyes there is no beauty, the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable.—The smile of beauty lights not up his bosom with joy; but the furies of half rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he would wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand upon his breast and say—'Revenge, I cast thee from me—Father forgive me, as I forgive mine enemies'—and nature assumes a new and delightful garniture. Then, indeed, are the meads verdant, and the flowers fragrant—than is the music of groves delightful to his ear, and the smiles of virtuous beauty lovely to his soul.

Resignation.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT.

Father, thy will be done—

I sit in grief no more,

Though 'neath the smiling sun,

Heart never yet before

Quivered with deeper anguish, than the one

Which now thou chastenest—but, *thy will be done.*

Farther, forgive thy child,

If, in his deep despair,

Come sinful thoughts, and wild,

When thou thine arm didst bare:

Oh, I was deeply stricken, but 'tis done—

Thine arm hath conquered, may *thy will be done.*

The crushed flower may not die

When the pitying raindrop falls,

Nor the hand inactive lie

When the voice of duty calls.

I rise, oh Father, by thy goodness won,

To do thy bidding—may *thy will be done.*

MISERY AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

BY REV. J. WHITNEY.

Whence do the miseries of this life arise,
Which tend to wring the heart and pain the eyes?
Do they proceed from cloudy atmospheres,
Or from the inclemency of the year?
The seasons that afflict the mind
Do not proceed from causes of this kind;
Amidst all disadvantages like these
Intelligence and virtue sit at ease.

A pure, a steadfast and enlighten mind
Can in itself a joyful solace find;
It looks and smiles at fortunes impotence
And disregards the raging elements.
Within ourselves is stationed misery's seat;
There passions vile, and prejudices meet:
Our hearts disordered and desire misplaced,
Are instruments of trouble and disgrace.

Adversity might aim at us in vain,
Might strive to wound but could not cause us pain,
Could not effect one real conscious smart,
But guilty passions sharpen every dart.
Of life, how much soever we complain,
Vicissitudes of fortune and of pain,
Surrounding facts imply that were they less,
They'd fail of salutary purposes.

Unsatisfying as they all appear,
Some prize life's bubble quite too dear.
How fatal then the consequence would be,
If they should yield still more feicicity.
There's nought but virtue that can always find,
An efficacious balm to heal the mind:
As vice recedes true pleasures will increase,
Possessed of virtue the reward is peace.

Extracts from a small work on Phrenology.

Phrenology, derived from the Greek words *phrenos* and *logos*, *mind* and *discourse*, in its most general and comprehensive sense, signifies the science or philosophy of the mind, and has for its object the discovery of the real powers or faculties of the mind, and the bodily conditions under which they have place. Its great primary or fundamental principles are:

1. *The brain is the material instrument or organ of the mind.*

2. *The brain consists of a congerie or plurality of organs, each connected with some particular mental faculties.*

Phrenology is proved by **POSITIVE EXPERIENCE.**

It would require many volumes to relate the numerous examples witnessed both in Europe and America to prove practical phrenology. The following example is given, not on account of any superior intrinsic merit it has above others of a like kind, but from having occurred in the immediate vicinity of our city, and is still in the memory of many of our citizens.

In May, 1835, Mr. Foster, Professor of Phrenology in company with Rev. J. Elliot, Doct. I. Irwin, Mr. Gilleland, Editor of the Pittsburgh Times, and several others of our most respectable citizens visited the Penitentiary in Allegheny Town to test his, the professors practical skill by prejudging the characters of such of the criminals as should be pointed out to him. Such care was taken that it was utterly impossible for the least deception to be practised, and the result of the examination was published by Mr. Gilleland in the next number of his paper.

The number of prisoners examined was 20. The professor with a precision truly astonishing, named the very crimes for which 16 of them had severally been convicted. Of the four others he refrained from specifying the crimes they might have been guilty of, but remarked of them that judging from their cranios-copir developements they were not naturally very evil inclined or malicious, but rather owed their misfortunes to the ill example and importunity of ill associates, who he supposed had betrayed them into guilt, and the superintendent of the prison, said such was the case.

Utility of Phrenology.

"Phrenology is of immense practical utility"—1st. in furnishing a correct clue to the history and nature of the mental faculties, which no other system of philosophy has ever yet done"—"2d. in giving one a perfect knowledge of his true character; of his excellencies and how to make the most of them; of his talents and how to employ them to the greatest advantage, and of his defects and how to remedy them—3d. in reasoning and persuading men, and in the *education and government of children*, and selecting for them those employments for which they are best qualified."

In a word, is next to the Divine Writings, best suited to improve the character and dignity of man, to strengthen his moral and intellectual faculties, direct his propensities from evil to the best of purposes, and raise him to that exalted degree of virtue and happiness which the beneficent Author of the Universe originally intended him. *Estus Perpetua,*

The Resurrection.

BY A. C. THOMAS.

The morn is breaking: and the cloud
Upon the distant east that hung,
And o'er the world its darkness flung,
In deep humility has bowed
To the mild beamings of the light
Now breaking on the raptured sight.

The morn is breaking: nature seems
As though arising from the shade,
In pure simplicity arrayed,
Inviting to her fond embrace the beams
Of light that gambol on the green
And spotless beauty of the scene.

But who is He, in majesty sublime,
From the still silence of the tomb
That comes?—A holy light—a bloom—
O'er which the withering hand of Time
Can ne'er prevail—around his brow
In deathless glory gathers now.

O who is he?—In his life's blood
Have men their wicked hands imbued?
And comes he now in vengeful mood
To waste our land with fire and flood?
Comes He in vengeance to impart
A message that will wound the heart?

O who is he? Comes he to blast
The joys of man, and scatter blight
And mildew on the pure delight
Of present moments—to the past
Add stings, and o'er the future throw
The sable garb of endless woe?

O who is He? 'Tis He that died
On Calvary's mount the world to save—
To scatter roses on the grave
And life eternal to provide—
To be the resurrection light—
A sun to cheer the "noon of night."

From the cold damps and silent gloom
Of Death's chill grasp and ivy tread,
The vanquished conqueror He led—
And crowned with never-fading bloom,
While Death is sinking down to die,
Our Savior lives to reign on high.

At the right hand of God, whose Son,
Whose well-beloved Son he was,
By the still voice of love he draws
The myriads of our race—alone
The wine press of man's wrath he trod
To lead our ransomed souls to God.

From the Ladies' Repository.
To a Sister.

I think of thee amid the crowd,
When stranger forms I see,
When tones of mirth are echoing loud,
Sister, I think of thee.

I think upon the playful hours
We've passed in childhood's glee,
When every path was strewn with
flowers—
Sister, I think of thee.

Off in the silent hours of thought,
When fancy wanders free,
Thy image to my mind is brought—
Sister, I think of thee.

I trust one heart will not deceive,
Though all true love disown,
One will in sorrow with me grieve,
Sister, thou art that one.

MARIAT

From the Ladies' Repository.
The Voice of God.

What called me forth from dust?
What bade my blood
Throughout my veins thus warmly flow?
What bade me live and it was so?
The voice of God!

What, even from my youth,
Where'er I've trod,

Has warned dread danger from my way,
And called me back when I would stray?
The voice of God!

What, when affliction reared
Its weighty rod,
And I stood tremblingly in tears,
Fell most melodious on my ears?
The voice of God!

What, when I mouldering lie
Beneath the sod,
Shall bid the tomb resign its trust,
And rouse again my sleeping dust?
The voice of God!

Then ever let me heed,
At home, abroad,
Where'er my earthly lot is cast,
While duty calls, and life flows fast,
The voice of God. D. J. M.

Oh, what is Life.

Oh, what is life? a transient state,
Filled up with pain, and sorrow,
With hopes to-day of bliss complete,
Which perish on the morrow.

Oh, what is life, but dreams of joy,
Of hopes that hourly brighten,
Of prospects here, of pleasures there,
Which doth each bosom lighten?

Oh, what is life, to-day we clasp
Our friends, with joy and gladness,
But, soon, alas! the social band
Is changed to gloom and sadness.

Oh, what is life, frail fleeting life?
A cup filled up with sorrow,
Of which, to day, we take our fill,
And die, ere comes the morrow.

F. A. H.

DIED.

At Cambridgeport, on Wednesday, 23d ult., Rev. William Hanscom, aged 22 years and 10 months, of pulmonary consumption.

NOTICE.—Letters and papers heretofore sent to the 'Southern Evangelist,' Charleston, S. C., must henceforth be directed to the editors of the '*Evangelical Universalist*,' Macon, Ga., inasmuch as the former publication has been removed to this place, and united with the 'Southern Evangelist,' under the above title.

DEDICATION.

The new and very commodious Church, erected by the Universalists at Springfield, Clark, co., O. is to be dedicated to the service of the true and living God, on Wednesday, 25th of July next. Sermon, by Br. Geo. Messenger.

On the following day, Br. Messenger is to be installed as pastor of the Society.

We shall be with our friends there in spirit, but we fear that circumstances will not allow us the pleasure of being there personally, agreeably to their kind invitation.

Receipts, during the present week.

A. W. Watertown; A. A., Putnam; L. A., (Chillicothe) \$2; P. M., Bainbridge; L. I., Smithfield; A. F., Mt. Vernon; E. M., Rising Sun, Ia.; G. C. Mc., M'Connellsbury; P. M., Columbus., Rev. H. T., Ravenna, Ohio, \$3; P. M. Summit, Pa.; P. M. Columbus, Ohio.

PROSPECTUS

OF

The Universalist and Ladies' Repository.
VOLUME VII.

COMMENCING JUNE 15th, 1838.

REV. HENRY BACON, EDITOR.

—00000—

THE UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY is now well known. Its character is established. The same management will continue to devote its pages to the great objects ever held in view—the exhibition of the beauty of the Christian doctrine, the loveliness of the Christian character, and the worth and importance of the Christian hope. And these objects will be aimed at with the desire to draw out toward God and his truth the best of human affections, and animate the believer in pressing on in the path of Christian progress. It has been our endeavor to preserve a mild and affectionate tone throughout our work, remembering that it is especially designed for the perusal of females, and for their improvement and enjoyment. The past must speak for the future; and as the last volume was an improvement on the one that preceded it, we may hope that the next will excel the last. To this we pledge all our mental energies; and hope with the valuable assistance of a large list of contributors to satisfy the most sanguine expectations of our patrons.

☞ We look with anxiety to the exertions of our agents and ministering brethren for aid. We are grateful for their favors thus far; to many we are under great obligations, and earnestly hope for their continued effort.

☞ To the *sisters of faith*—our female friends, we anxiously look for aid in enlarging our list of real patrons. Some have kindly exerted themselves in our behalf and rendered us essential aid. We ask of each female subscriber to make the attempt to obtain one more new subscriber, and do all they can to make the work known among their friends. We hope on the issuing of the first number of the new volume to find cause to express heartfelt gratitude for generous exertions on the part of our female friends. To all who have aided our success thus far we tender our grateful acknowledgements, and solicit a further continuance of their labor of love.

TERMS.—The Universalist and Ladies' Repository will be published in Boston regularly on the 15th of every month, in a royal octavo form, forty pages, printed on fine paper, with clear handsome type, stitched and neatly covered, at the low price of *two dollars* per annum in advance—*twenty-five cents* added for every three months delay in payment.

* No subscription received for less than one Volume. Eleven copies for *twenty dollars*.

CIRCULAR

TO THE

FRIENDS OF THE EXPOSITOR AND UNIVERSALIST REVIEW.

—00000—

WE have commenced publishing another volume of this work—a work, the utility and importance of which, have been extensively acknowledged in our denomination, so far as the expression of the opinions of numerous individuals and Associations, is an acknowledgment. But we need something more *tangible* and *encouraging*, i. e. *patronage*. We say this, to apprise all its friends that their active exertions are needed in its behalf. Each individual to whom this is sent, we address in particular.—Friend, you have subscribed for the work—you of course, desire its publication. We need more subscribers, who will promptly pay, and we must depend upon your aid in procuring them. Shall we not receive it? Will you not use your influence in making more widely known the claims of the Expositor, and in obtaining patrons for it? An affirmative answer, which shall speak by way of action, will ensure success.

Friend, will you not furnish us with a favorable reply to this, as soon as possible. By favorable we mean ☞ the names of paying subscribers. ☞

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

Otis A. Skinner, Benjamin Whittemore, G. W. Bazin, Abel Thompkins, J. B. Dow.

☞ The Conditions, which follow, must be strictly observed in all cases. **CONDITIONS.**—1. The Expositor will be published in numbers, stitched in printed covers, containing seventy-two octavo pages each, on superior paper, and new type, corresponding with the present number.

2. It will be published on the first of every other month, making six Numbers, or 432 pages, in the course of the year, at Two Dollars per annum, payable, in all cases, on the delivery of the first number.

3. Any person paying for six subscribers in advance, shall receive the seventh gratis.

All letters and subscriptions to be directed (post paid) to 'George W. Bazin, No. 40 Cornhill, Boston,' or to 'Abel Thompkins, No. 32 Cornhill, Boston.'

EDITED BY REV. HOSEA BALLOU, 2d.

Conference.

There will be a conference held at Wellsburgh, Elk Creek township, Crawford county, Pennsylvania, on the second Wednesday and Thursday in June next. It is the intention of the friends to organize an association for Erie and Crawford counties at that time. As this meeting is to be held the week following that at Bloomfield, it is hoped the preachers will generally attend. An invitation is extended to all friends.

Theological Chart.

Br. M. A. Chappell tenders his thanks to those editors who have kindly noticed the above named work, and request those whose papers circulate in the West, to publish the following. The favor will be reciprocated.

The New Theological Chart, by M. A. Chappell, may be obtained as follows: Saml. Hoover, New Lisbon, O.—E. Stevenson, Salem—Dr. Whiting, Canton—Dr. Burr, Mt. Vernon—Rev. T. Strong and S. Corbin, Fredericktown—O. B. Rose, Sunbury—A. H. Scott, Unison—Dr. Glidden, Westfield—C. Allen, Esq., Marion—P. Reed, Columbus—John Hunter, W. Jefferson—Dr. Bigelow, Darby Creek. The work being periodical, is subject to only newspaper postage. Price 25 cts. single; \$2 per dozen. Also for sale at the office of the Glad Tidings.

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING

The Pittsburgh Glad Tidings

AND

LADIES' UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE.

—0000000—

The character which the "Glad Tidings" has sustained, for nearly two years past, is well known to several thousand readers, and the constantly increasing patronage it is receiving, induces the publishers to believe, that it is well appreciated, and prompts them to put forth new energies to increase its interest and value. Its character will not be changed, except, that one apartment will be adapted, especially, to the tastes of females, with a design to cultivate a desire for reading, and to elevate the mind to a knowledge of itself and the importance of the female station in society. The publishers believe, that a work of this kind is called for in the western country, and that it will be well supported.

To make the title of the paper more appropriate and expressive of our design, we have substituted *Ladies' Universalist Magazine* for "Ohio Universalist;" but we intend it shall continue as much "*The Ohio Universalist*," as it has been, heretofore.

In addition to our present numerous correspondents, we have the promise of contributions from some of the best female writers in the country, which cannot fail to make our paper as interesting as those published towards the "rising of the sun."

Our friends have been unanimous, almost, in saying, our list could be doubled if the paper were published *weekly*.—It will, henceforth, appear *every week*, instead of once in *two weeks*, accompanied with a printed cover, at least once a quarter; and this, too, without any increase of price.

S. A. DAVIS,
S. BELDEN.

In order that the mechanical execution may be equal to any work of the kind, the former proprietor has associated with him a gentleman who is a practical printer, who will take the entire charge of the printing department. This will insure neatness and punctuality.

To all who have thus far assisted us, we tender our thanks—hoping they will, one and all, continue their favors.

S. A. DAVIS.

TERMS.

The Pittsburgh Glad Tidings and Ladies' Universalist Magazine will be published every Saturday, on fine paper of medium size, quarto form, and afforded to mail and office subscribers as follows:—\$2 per annum; or \$1 50, if paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing; or \$2 50 cents at the end of the year. To city subscribers, who receive their papers by a carrier, \$2 in advance; \$2 50 after six months, or \$3 at the end of the year. ☞ Agents or companies, paying for seven copies, shall receive the eighth copy gratis; and in the same proportion for a larger number.

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